

# Senses

**Psyduckling**

## Senses by Psyduckling

**Category:** IT (2017)

**Genre:** M/M, blind!Richie, they're around 16 here

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

**Relationships:** Richie Tozier/St Stanley Uris

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-10-15

**Updated:** 2017-10-15

**Packaged:** 2020-01-26 15:15:30

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 586

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Richie has to discover the world around him again.

## Senses

### Author's Note:

Recently I had this idea of Richie losing his sight due to his defect steadily worsening and not being treated and here's little something I did.

Stan smells of chocolate cookies that Mrs. Uris baked for them today. She knows that Richie loves them and she wants to help him feel like at home. It's easier than she thinks, he always considered here at home. Stan smells of flowery washing powder, strong scent cutting through wooden furniture and dusty old books. He smells like life stepping inside.

Stan's voice when he tells him what colour is his shirt today is calm and there is no hint of annoyance he would always carry somewhere when talking to Richie. They both know it is nothing serious, only a way that Stan shows him that he cares and that he cares sometimes too much. Richie will always search for this anyway because he is scared he will annoy him with his constant questions about everything but he just can't shut the hell up, he never could. Richie wants to hear, he hears everything now every step and every breath and every thing and that is what reminds him that he is not alone. Stan's breath when Richie asks him if he can touch him becomes heavier but when he agrees his voice is still calm and Richie can't quite put a finger on it but he notices smile in it.

Stan's shirt is soft, of course it is, it was recently washed. Richie moves his right hand higher studying the fabric of Stan's polo shirt and he starts to feel bumping and he knows he's close to the heart. It's rhythmic and it's quite fast and Richie almost giggles at the thought that he makes Stan the Man himself nervous. He lifts up his other hand and lets them both wander higher, careful not to miss any hint of Stan being uncomfortable with what he's doing but no reaction comes. Stan's skin is softer and warm, Richie feels the blood pumping underneath, as fast as his heart. Almost as fast as his own. His hands split their ways right beneath Stan's neck and both dive in his supple curls. He feels Stan shiver slightly under his touch and it's almost like Stan is leaning to him and Richie blushes. Richie traces

his way down Stan's face making notes in his mind, like a legend for a map, forehead, eyebrows, eyelids and shaky brown eyes under, nose and lips and chin and Richie draws Stan's jawline with his fingers and when he reaches his ears he cups his face and leans closer. He feels hot breath, it becomes shallower, on his lips and he waits but Stan doesn't move away. He takes it for a yes to a question he doesn't ask.

Stan tastes like chocolate and Richie knows he has eaten cookies without him. He smiles and he feels that Stan smiles too. The kiss is not deep but it's more than a peck and it's enough to feel and taste and Richie is okay with that. He feels Stan's hands touch his wrists and he shudders. His first thought is that Stan is about to tear him away but it's irrational and Stan's hands cup his own and they stay like this for one or two moments more until Richie decides to break the kiss but never moves his hands in fear of completely losing his connection with Stan. He opens his eyes and chuckles because he doesn't remember when he closed them. Stan tastes like - Richie doesn't know how one can taste it - peace he felt for the first time in so long.

### **Author's Note:**

It's my first work in ages, kind of warm up, kind of slapping my writing block in the face ^^"

If you want, then here's my tumblr: <http://softtest-nerd-freddie.tumblr.com/>

hmu with whatever you want :D